

The Indictment....



THE MURDER IN THE PHILIPPINES

"I speak not of forcible annexation, for that cannot be thought of. That by our code of morality would be criminal aggression."

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Message to Congress, April 11th, 1898.

"So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and, behold, the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter."

Ecclesiastes, iv. 1.

William McKinley.

Whether as tool or tyrant, History's pen
Upon the nation's scroll of lasting shame
Shall pillory in letters black thy name,
Time can alone adjudge. To living men
With liberty aflame no empty words
Can justify the slaughter of the brave,
Battling for freedom and a freeman's grave,
As fought Armenians 'gainst Turks and Kurds.
How in the future will this record read:
"Here lie the patriots of the Philippines,
Murdered to satisfy a nation's greed
By men whose rebel fathers, on the greens
Of Lexington and Concord, dared to bleed
And die for what to freemen freedom means?"

William Lloyd Garrison.

De Profundis.

“O Lord, save my country.”—John Hampden.

My country, O my country,

So weak, so foolish strong,

I looked that bitter woe should pay thy tale of brutal wrong :

That starving Want would rouse at last, torch flare and bullet hiss ;

I looked for sorrow and sore toil, but not such crime as this.

Fate halt thy bloodstained footsteps, with vengeance stern and mete ;

The God of Battles send thee swift and terrible defeat.

My country, doubly traitor,

To man and to thyself,

Low humbled be that haughty brow whose honor sold for pelf ;

That brow where Freedom's star has shown, where now there glares aflame

The brand of Judas and of Cain, my country and my shame !

Frank Stephens.

At the Gates of God.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will requite."

With face upturned to Luzon's sky, with back to Luzon's sod,
The body lay ; the indignant soul knocked at the gates of God ;
And his prayer the Angel of Wrath upbore in haste to the throne of God.

"Justice! Do justice, white man's God! They slay us in thy name—
Thy love their cannons roar; thy truth they speak with tongues of flame;
And for light to read Christ's word aright our pagan rooftrees flame."

"They came as friends from the Great White Chief and his people over sea.
'Spain fights for land and gold,' they said. 'We fight to make men free;
'And our deed is born of a nation's creed that God wills all men free.'"

"Then we clasped our hands with a traitor's hand, we had faith in a
liar's faith.
They have kept their word as white men do—they have made us free of
death;
And their deed is born of a nation's greed, and its pact with Hell and
Death!"

All Heaven stood silent. Each on each gazed with expectant eyes,
'Til the Angel of Pity bowed his head and a murmur swelled: "Arise!"
And the shout from gates to throne rang out: "Lord, God of Vengeance,
rise!"

And forth of the host came Love and Truth and knelt before the throne.
"Lord, for thy name they take in vain, make thou this cause thine own"—
And the word from behind the veil was heard: "I make this cause mine
own."

But the Angel of Wrath, at that word appalled, fell prostrate in his place,
And prayed: "Have mercy, God," and wept, as he lay upon his face—
There is need for tears when Wrath must plead and Pity hide his face!

Let men and angels weep hot tears; but not for the lifeless clod,
And not for the soul untimely sent with a people's wrongs to God—
Be their grief for the soul of the Great White Chief when he stands at the
gates of God!

Solomon Solis-Cohen